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say thirty ablebodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still, as of old, 'what devilry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two natural enemies, in person, take each a tobacco-pipe, filled with brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in. But from such predicted peace-era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!"

3.—*Postscript to a poem entitled Captain Sword and Captain Pen.*

The London Herald of Peace, (No. 55,) contains extracts from a postscript to a poem, with the above title, written by Leigh Hunt. The object of the poem is to portray the horrors of war. The author is favourably known to American readers from several minor poems. Hazlitt, in his critical list of authors prefixed to his compilation of select British poets, says, "Leigh Hunt has shown great wit in his Feast of the Poets, elegance in his occasional verses, and power of description and pathos in his story of Rimini. The whole of the third canto of that poem is as chaste as it is classical."

In this postscript, Hunt professes to feel due admiration for that

courage and energy, the misdirection of which he deplors ; and while he acknowledges that heretofore war may have been necessary, he expresses his belief that by encouraging the disposition to question this necessity, it may soon cease to be so. For ourselves, we imagine that if such a disposition had heretofore been sufficiently encouraged, the necessity would never have existed at all. Such views of the absurdity of war as are contained in the following passages of the postscript, had they been universally prevalent, would certainly have gone far towards preventing any such necessity :—

“ I firmly believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives—a logic indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the “good old times.” The world has seen the absurdity of that practice : why should it not come to years of discretion, with respect to violence on a larger scale ? The other day, our own country and the United States agreed to refer a point in dispute to the arbitration of the king of Holland ; a compliment (if we are to believe the newspapers) of which his Majesty was justly proud. He struck a medal on the strength of it. Why should not every national dispute be referred, in like manner, to a third party ? There is reason to suppose, that the judgment would stand a good chance of being impartial ; and it would benefit the character of the judge, and dispose him to receive judgments of the same kind ; till at length the custom would prevail, like any other custom ; and men be astonished at the customs that preceded it. In private life, none but school-boys and the vulgar settle disputes by blows ; even duelling is losing its dignity.

Two nations, or most likely, two governments, have a dispute ; they reason the point backwards and forwards ; they cannot determine it ; perhaps they do not wish to determine ; so, like two carmen in the street, they fight it out ; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity, just as if the two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hat besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. They then “ go at it,” and cover themselves with mud, blood, and glory. Can any thing be more ridiculous ? Yet, apart from the habit of thinking otherwise, and being drummed into the notion by the very toys of infancy, the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous ; no nor a thousandth part enough so. I am aware that a sarcasm is but a sarcasm, and need not imply any argument ; never includes all ; but it acquires

a more respectable character when so much is done to keep it out of sight,—when so many questions are begged against it by “pride, pomp, and circumstance,” and allegations of necessity. Similar allegations may be, and are brought forward, by other nations of the world, in behalf of customs which we, for our part, think very ridiculous, and do our utmost to put down; never referring them as we refer our own, to the mysterious ordinations of Providence; or, if we do, never hesitating to suppose, that Providence, in moving us to interfere, is varying its ordinations. Now, all that I would ask of the advocates of war, is to apply the possible justice of this supposition to their own case, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the question.

To attempt, however quietly, to overawe the advance of improvement, by the aspect of physical force, is as idle as if soldiers were drawn out to suppress the rising of a flood. The flood rises quietly, irresistibly, without violence—it cannot help it—the waters of knowledge are out, and will “cover the earth.” Of what use is it to see the representative of a by-gone influence—a poor individual mortal (for he is nothing else in the comparison,) fretting and fuming on the shore of this mighty sea, and playing the part of a Canute reversed,—an antic really taking his flatterers at their word?”

4.—*The Complaint of Peace, (Querela Pacis) by Erasmus.*

This is the title of a treatise, written by Erasmus, about the year 1517. From a passage in one of his Latin letters, we learn the occasion on which it was composed. “It was a favourite project,” he says, “about that time to assemble a congress of kings at Cambray. It was to consist of Maximilian the emperor, Francis I. king of France, Henry VIII. of England, and Charles the sovereign of the low countries, of which I am a native. They were to enter, in the most solemn manner, into mutual and indissoluble engagements to preserve peace with each other, and consequently throughout Europe. This momentous business was much promoted by a man of most excellent character, William A. Ciervia, and by one who seemed to have been born to advance the happiness of his country, and of human nature, John Sylvagius, chancellor of Burgundy. But certain persons who get nothing by peace, and a great deal by war, threw obstacles in the way, which prevented this truly kingly purpose from being carried into execution. After this great disappointment, I sat down and wrote my *Querela Pacis*, or Complaint of Peace.”

In this Complaint, Peace is introduced speaking in her own per-